

A CLEVER HAUL.

The Alleged Train Robbers
Neatly Captured Near
Pilot Grove.

A Stern Chase Which Proved to
be Successful—How They
Were Caught.

The Suspects Brought to Sedalia
and Lodged in Jail by the
Detectives.

A Fatal Confession—an Admis-
sion That They Burglar-
ized a Number of
Farm Houses.

Detectives Tutt and DeLong, yesterday, arrested two of the men who are suspected of belonging to the gang of desperadoes who wrecked the Missouri Pacific passenger train No. 3, last Friday morning. The work of the officials was arduous in following the trail and it is to their credit that they succeeded in making the capture in spite of seemingly unsurmountable circumstances.

The arrest was made four and one-half miles north of Pilot Grove and was as clever a piece of "hold up" as can be imagined. The story of the pursuit has been published in the BAZOO, and the details given are substantially correct and do not need repetition. In yesterday's issue DeLong was left in the vicinity of Clifton City. He was there, and close onto the wreckers. Early in the morning he was joined by Frank Tutt, at Pleasant Green, and doubling up pressed on to the rear of

THE FLEEING SCOUNDRELS.

The captured men used more than ordinary generalship. They kept away from the railroads and public highways and steering clear of farm houses, it seems almost incredible how the officers managed to keep track of them. Yet the scent was so fresh that every mile traveled brought them closer to their game. From the time that the men left the Mt. Etna School house they were so closely followed that their capture would have been accomplished sooner if they had not taken a "wood route." While in the woods one of the men left the party and came direct to Sedalia and was arrested by Officers Gossage and Wilbur S. Murphy and locked up. He was arrested on the charge of trespass and given a ten day sentence in the calaboose, as a hold-over.

Tutt and DeLong kept on after the two men and captured them as stated. The arrest of the prisoners was a very clever one and reflects much credit upon the officers for getting the "drop" first. There are two tales about

THE ARREST

and the humorous side is told by the alleged wreckers. Tutt and DeLong, after learning that the objects of the pursuit were only one and one-half miles down the road, in a piece of timber, ahead of them, jumped into their buckboard and drove rapidly towards the place where the men were supposed to be. When they reached a point where an open field partly surrounded by a hedge two men stepped out of an opening in the hedge and walked from them diagonally across the road towards a piece of timber. Tutt whipped up the horse and drove directly up behind the men. Both of the officers jumped from the buckboard and placing their revolvers close to the heads of the pursued told them to hold up their hands. They held them up without hesitation. They were quickly handcuffed and searched. Two new 44-caliber revolvers and cartridge belts were taken from their persons, and the prisoners were marched back to Pilot Grove, and then brought to Sedalia at 5:45 o'clock last evening.

Upon the arrival of the officers in this city they marched their prisoners to the city jail and locked them up in cell No. 3. They gave their names as Charles Charters and Bob Ferguson, and residence New York City. Shortly after the prisoners were locked up, a BAZOO reporter made them a visit and they talked quite freely, yet guardedly. It was quickly seen from their conversation and cool demeanor that they were men who belonged to the expert rank of criminals, whether train wreckers or burglars. They told

A SMOOTH STORY.

about their wanderings in the wilds of New Mexico. They said that they were painters, paper hangers and fresco painters and lived in New York City. They left the metropolis seven months ago and went to New Mexico where they remained until a short time ago, when they started for home. They left Albuquerque with about \$100 between them and while roughing it in Western Kansas Fer-

guson eat a prairie bean and become so sick that they had to lay off at Hutchinson until Bob was "doctored up." There they dropped \$40 of their wealth and went to Kansas City. There they dropped the remainder and took a blind baggage on the Wash. were fired off a train, and then marched

OVERLAND TO SEDALIA.

reaching this city on election day. They remained here Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday trying to get work to raise a "stake" and left Thursday evening by the "tie route" for the East. Such was the story told in substance of their wanderings. When pressed as to their movements after leaving Sedalia, they said they went east on the Missouri Pacific for about a mile and a half and then struck out into a piece of timber on the north side of the track [There are no woods as described that near to Sedalia. Rep.] and wandered aimlessly through it, finally got lost and coming back to the point in the woods from whence they started. Having no money, they said, they evaded towns and villages for fear that they would be arrested for tramps and get locked up. "Be-ides," said Charters, "only bums follow the railroads and a man can't get a square meal unless he follows the country roads."

To find out their knowledge of New York City, where they claimed to live, the reporter, who formerly lived there, asked them numerous questions about persons and localities and ascertained they knew just as much about the metropolis as any one would who had passed not over six months in the big city. They claimed to have made their headquarters at the Everett House (a \$3 a day institution) where they paid, they said, \$1.75 per day for board.

"Is that not rather rich boarding for journeymen painters?" asked the reporter.

"Oh no!" exclaimed Charters, the spokesman, "we were making from \$3.50 to \$4.00 per day."

"Where is Sweeney's Hotel?"

"The new Sweeney's is moved up town, I don't know where."

"Do you know Paddy Divver?" asked the reporter referring to Alderman Divver of Tammany Hall who is the proprietor of the famous temperance saloon near the Newsboys Home, and who has been known to every inhabitant of New York City during the past twenty years.

"Certainly I do. He runs a place on Centre street."

"I guess you are mistaken. Divver's place is not on Centre street."

"I guess you are mistaken for Divver has two or three places and one of them is on Centre street."

Charters knowing that he had made a break was clever enough to use a quick foil which would have worked with anyone who was not perfectly familiar with every location in New York City.

"Did you live any place in New York besides the Everett House?"

"Yes, my wife and I rented a house on West Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue."

"Was that not a rather expensive place for a painter to reside in?"

"No! Twenty-second street is not tony, but West Twenty-third is."

"Who did you work for in New York?"

"H. H. Upham and C. Monck, at the corner of Bond street and Broadway, in the basement."

The foregoing conversation shows that the prisoners have a superficial knowledge of localities in New York, but if citizens of that place other than transient, they could give more definite information than they did.

After concluding the lengthy interview with two of the "smoothest" criminals that were ever locked behind the bars of the City jail the BAZOO reporter, with the representatives of the Kansas City and local press, called upon Detectives Tutt and DeLong at the latter's room in the Union depot building.

THE DETECTIVES' TRICK.

At the end of a conference with Superintendent Clark, the detectives admitted the reporters into the inner sanctum of the secret service of the M. P. For once a clean breast was made, the story divulged and notes taken without reservation. Yet DeLong, or Tutt, could not resist putting up a job on the "boys." DeLong very reluctantly(?) exhibited a letter from Charters' alleged wife which she commenced by using that heart-warming expression "My Dear Husband." The contents of the letter were rich enough but the cream of the whole thing lies in the fact that the letter was doctored for the reporters.

"You see," said Tutt, "the fellow was careful enough to tear off the date line in the corner so that we could not tell where it came from?"

The boys all said "yes" and commenced winking. DeLong laughed. The missing corner was in Mr. Tutt's inside pocket. "Don't you know?"

THE WEAPONS.

On a table in DeLong's room were



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displayed the outfit of Charters and Ferguson. It was a queer assortment. Two big 44's of a new pattern, brand new pistol belts and cartridges, a tin pail which had been used for a cooking utensil and other wares useful for camping purposes.

The weapons were recently purchased; one of them had never been fired and the cartridges were bright, yet the prisoners claimed that they had carried them all the way from New Mexico. One of the cartridge belts and scabbards was just as good as new and had not been worn over ten days. Inside the belt in two places were the initials "H. W.", and were marked with the point of a knife and traced with ink. Pointing to the belt, Detective Tutt said, "Charters name is Lawrence, if I am not mistaken." The initials on the belt lead to a clue which is now in the possession of the detectives.

A NIGHT WITH THE PRISONERS.

A reporter of the BAZOO was unfortunate enough last night to get locked up in the city jail and was fortunate enough to be domiciled in a cell adjoining the one occupied by Charters and Ferguson. As the officer banged the door and locked it Ferguson asked his partner, "What's that?" "Only a drunk" replied Charters.

In the cell in the southwest section and diagonally connecting with the compartment occupied by Charters and Ferguson, was Oscar Nelson and George Williams, who were sentenced yesterday to serve ten days for trespass. The reporter was not interested in them, but he expected to learn something of value from the suspects. At eleven o'clock, after being confined an hour, not a loud word had been spoken by either Charters or Ferguson and only a few brief remarks in whisper tones passed between them. A few minutes after eleven o'clock there came a tapping,

A GENTLE TAPPING

on the wall of the cell occupied by Nelson. It came in measured beats of two, two, two, two; the signal being repeated four or five times. Then one of the men in Charters' cell replied with two, three, two, three, taps twice. Then in a low voice, Nelson, or a person in his cell, inquired "Where did they get you, Hank?" Charters' voice replied, "Down the road."

"What road?"

"D—d if I know."

Just at this juncture a policeman brought in "Squire Cook," to was drunk and boisterous, and put an end to the conversation. Cook was crazy drunk and he howled for over an hour and the conversation carried on between the two cells could not be heard by the reporter. When Cook became quiet, or partially so, the conversation came to an end and quiet reigned. The only break in the monotony from that time on until 7 o'clock was when some policeman came in to stir up the fire and put more coal in the stove. Between 1 and 2 o'clock Officer Gossage dropped into the station and Charters pushed a fine watch between the bars and asked the officer to wind and set it for him. Gossage complied with the request and handed the timepiece back to Charters.

CHARTER'S RIGHT NAME.

From the conversation between Charters and Nelson it is evident that the two men have met before, even if they were or were not connected with the wrecking of the Missouri Pacific passenger train. It may also be inferred that the initials "H. W." on the belt may mean "Harry W." and by using Tutt's belief that Charters right name is Lawrence we have the full name of Harry W. Lawrence, brother of John Lawrence of Ouray, Col. Charters, however, insists that that is his right name and that he has a brother, Charles Charters, who is connected with police headquarters in New York City and working directly under Superintendent Byrnes.

A FATAL CONFESSION.

During this afternoon Ferguson was taken to the Missouri Pacific offices at the Union depot and put into the "sweat box" and he came out bleached as white as snow. The readers of the BAZOO will remember that numerous houses on the route taken by the

From Top to Bottom

The house is best cleaned that is cleaned with Pearline. It is done with little labor and with great results—with ease to yourself, and with no possible injury to anything that is cleaned. To use Pearline once is to want it always; you will want it always because it does what you want.

wreckers were robbed of provisions and small sums of money during the period between the wreck Friday morning and the time the arrests were made. Five farm houses were burglarized, including those of McCormack, Painter and Corderoy. When Ferguson got into the "sweat box" he was pumped vigorously by Detectives Tutt and DeLong. He witted, and admitted to not only sleeping in the Mt. Etna school house, but also to all the burglaries committed. He was closely plied with questions in regard to the wrecking of the train, but there the officers struck a large-sized knot. He denied that he or his partner had been implicated in the fearful deed, and he could not be stirred from his position. The detectives stirred up his antecedents and faced him with proofs of his previous ill-conduct and could gain the only further admission that he lived in Brooklyn instead of New York City.

Ferguson was taken back to the city jail just in time for his dinner. To a BAZOO reporter he said, "Yes, I have made a full confession, there is no use to deny we broke into the houses to get something to eat. But we had nothing to do with the train wrecking."

"You are in a pretty close fix," replied the reporter, "and you had better notify your friends."

"No, I don't want them to know anything about this."

"Your confession will send you over the road for burglary, if the facts are proven, and your friends might help you."

"No, I won't ask help. We are willing to suffer for what we have done."

An hour later Charters and Ferguson signed a written confession to the burglaries they had committed recently and the pumping process was stopped.

It is now given out that the Missouri Pacific officials are satisfied that Charters and Ferguson were not connected with the wrecking of the train Friday morning. Detective Tutt, although inclined to believe this morning that Oscar Nelson was the third party wanted, says that Nelson is as he represents himself to be—a wandering potato peddler.

While the railroad officials give this out as their official opinion the reporters are asking, "What has become of Dickey?"

THE ALLEGED WRECKERS.

They Were Taken to Boonville and Will Answer to the Charge of Burglary.

The alleged train wreckers, Bob Ferguson and Charles Charters were taken to Boonville last evening by Deputy Sheriff Rymel of Cooper county, and will be held to answer to the charge of burglary, which they admitted, as stated in yesterday's BAZOO.

John Huffman, who saw three men come out of the Mt. Etna school house the morning after the Missouri Pacific train was wrecked, arrived previous to their departure and being shown the prisoners he failed to recognize them as the persons he had seen.

The detectives are by no means at sea. There are many clues yet for them to unravel and they are by no means satisfied that they have not caught the men who committed the fiendish deed. Detectives Tutt, DeLong, Dickey and Crowthers were in the city during the forenoon, and further developments may be expected at any moment.

McElree's Wine of Cardui

and THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT are for sale by the following merchants in

PETTIS COUNTY.
August T. Fleischmann, Sedalia.
W. E. Barz, Sedalia.
Meritt & Hale, Sedalia.
O. N. Smith, Sedalia.
R. T. Miller, Sedalia.
Dresell Bros., Beaman.
Andler & Co., Dunksburg.
Andrew Stand, Dumpsburg.
W. Ed. Crawford, Gailey.
C. W. Barick, Georgetown.
J. S. Ream & Son, Green Ridge.
C. W. Leabo, Green Ridge.
H. A. Long, Houstonia.
Penquite & Snoddy, Lamonte.
Overstreet Drug Co., Smithton.

INDICTED FOR MURDER.

Thomas Williamson Will be
Tried for Murdering Charles
and Jefferson Moore.

A History of the Fiendish Crime
—an Interview With Wil-
liamson—He Hopes to
be Acquitted.

This morning at 9:45 o'clock the grand jury filed into the criminal court and handed in a batch of indictments among which were two bills against Thomas Williamson, charging him with murder in the first degree, in the killing of Charles and Jefferson Moore.

After the jury had returned to their room the court ordered that a copy of the indictment be made and served on the defendant, who was in the county jail. Forty-eight hours after the reading of the indictments, which is according to the law, Williamson will be brought into court and a day set when his trial will be taken up.

THE HISTORY OF THE CRIME.

On the morning of the 26th of May which was on Monday, it was reported to the city authorities that a man had taken poison and was at that time lying on the floor in Machinery hall in the park, in a dying condition. Officer Gossage, with the assistance of others, went to the park and brought the man to town and took him to the Salvation army barracks, which at that time was on Second



THOMAS WILLIAMSON.

street, in the Riley building. Medical aid was summoned and antidotes were given and in course of a day or to he was brought back to his usual state of health.

About 1 o'clock of that day a farmer named Albert Paxton came to town and reported the finding of the body of Jefferson Moore buried in the cellar under his [Moore's] house and that a man named Williamson was suspected of having committed the crime. Previous to the time Paxton came to town, Williamson had been recognized by members of the Salvation Army, and on Paxton's arrival in the city he was taken to Williamson. He identified him as being the man suspected of the crime. Paxton stated at that time that Williamson had been living with Jefferson Moore about two months. He also stated that Jeff. Moore's son Charles had been missing for two weeks and it was feared that he had shared the fate of his father.

The farmers made a search of the premises and late that afternoon found Charles Moore's body buried face down in a field about two hundred yards from the house under which his father had been buried. An inquest was held over the dead bodies the next day, May 27th, and the jury returned a verdict that Charles and Jeff. Moore came to their death by blows which had been struck by Williamson. It was remembered by some that Williamson had a wife and one child. A search was made of the place, some six miles northwest of town, where Williamson formerly lived, and the body of his wife was found buried near the house. A search was also made for the child, but as yet it has never been found. The body of his wife, when found, was about six inches under the ground and from all appearances had been buried in a hole dug slanting at an angle of 45 degrees with the surface of the ground. The body had been put in the hole feet foremost and her knees were cramped up to her stomach.

The three deaths were laid at Williamson's door. At first he denied them all, but later on he confessed to the killing of the two Moores, saying he killed Charles Moore about two weeks before he was found, and that the killing was the result of a fuss they had over the clearing of some land. He further confessed that he killed old man Moore one week later because he threw a chunk of wood at him. He denied killing his wife, saying she died of cramp colic and that he buried her where she was



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found and in that manner because he was too poor to buy he a coffin. Later on Williamson had a preliminary hearing and waived examination. He was bound over to wait action of the grand jury and committed to jail without bond. Nothing more was done with his case until to-day.

Williamson was seen by a BAZOO representative at noon to-day. He said he did not know what the indictment was for, as he had not read it, but supposed it was for the killing of Jefferson and Charles Moore. He also stated that he was going to give the state a hard fight and that the confession he had made was obtained before he had fully come from under the influence of the strychnine he had taken. He talked in an indifferent manner about the trial, evidently laboring under the impression that he will be acquitted.

MURDER FIRST DEGREE.

Judge Higgins Indicted for Murder in the First Degree.

The grand jury returned a verdict late this evening against Judge J. P. Higgins for murder in the first degree.

The court carefully examined the evidence introduced before the grand jury and determined to admit the plaintiff to bail. The amount of the bail was not named by the court at the hour of going to press.

A Fractured Skull.

Unless the Boonville girls intend to adopt suspenders and trousers outright; they ought to discard the little shirts and neckties and collars that they are wearing so generally this year. No woman looks natural in male attire, and besides, these slick fronts are extremely dangerous. There is a case on record of a young fellow who laid his head on one a few nights ago and unwisely tried to put his arm around the girl at the same moment. She moved a little closer to him to give him a better hold, when all at once his head slipped down the slick shirt front like a toboggan slide, shot off on the floor and fractured his skull. Other accidents, not quite so serious but of sufficient importance to support the belief that they are very unsafe articles of apparel, are reported. —Boonville Star.

BLACK-DRAUGHT tea cures Constipation.

Tried to Saw Out.

Yesterday morning Mrs. Smith, wife of Sheriff Smith, discovered the prisoners sawing one of the bars in the south corridor of the jail. As soon as Mr. Smith returned from the Court House, he was informed of the act of the prisoners and at once set about to locate the bar on which the sawing was done. It was not until late in the afternoon that his efforts were rewarded. He found that a bar had been sawed nearly in two and that it had been filled up with soap and then smoked, which put it in such a condition that it could not be detected by one unless they were looking for it. The bar was taken out and repaired yesterday evening.

Mrs. Smith in conversation with a BAZOO representative said that they had been watching for such an act for over a week and it was not until yesterday that they had been able to detect the operations.

The instrument used to do the sawing was the steel shank of a shoe, and it had probably been thrown in the sewer when the prisoners found out that their actions had been detected.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

For Speaker.

Globe Democrat, November 9.
Ex-Speaker I. J. Russell, of Charleston, Mo., told a Globe Democrat reporter at the Laclede last night that inasmuch as the present legislature is composed of farmers principally, he thought the chances of W. F. Tuttle, of Pettis county, were good for the speakership.